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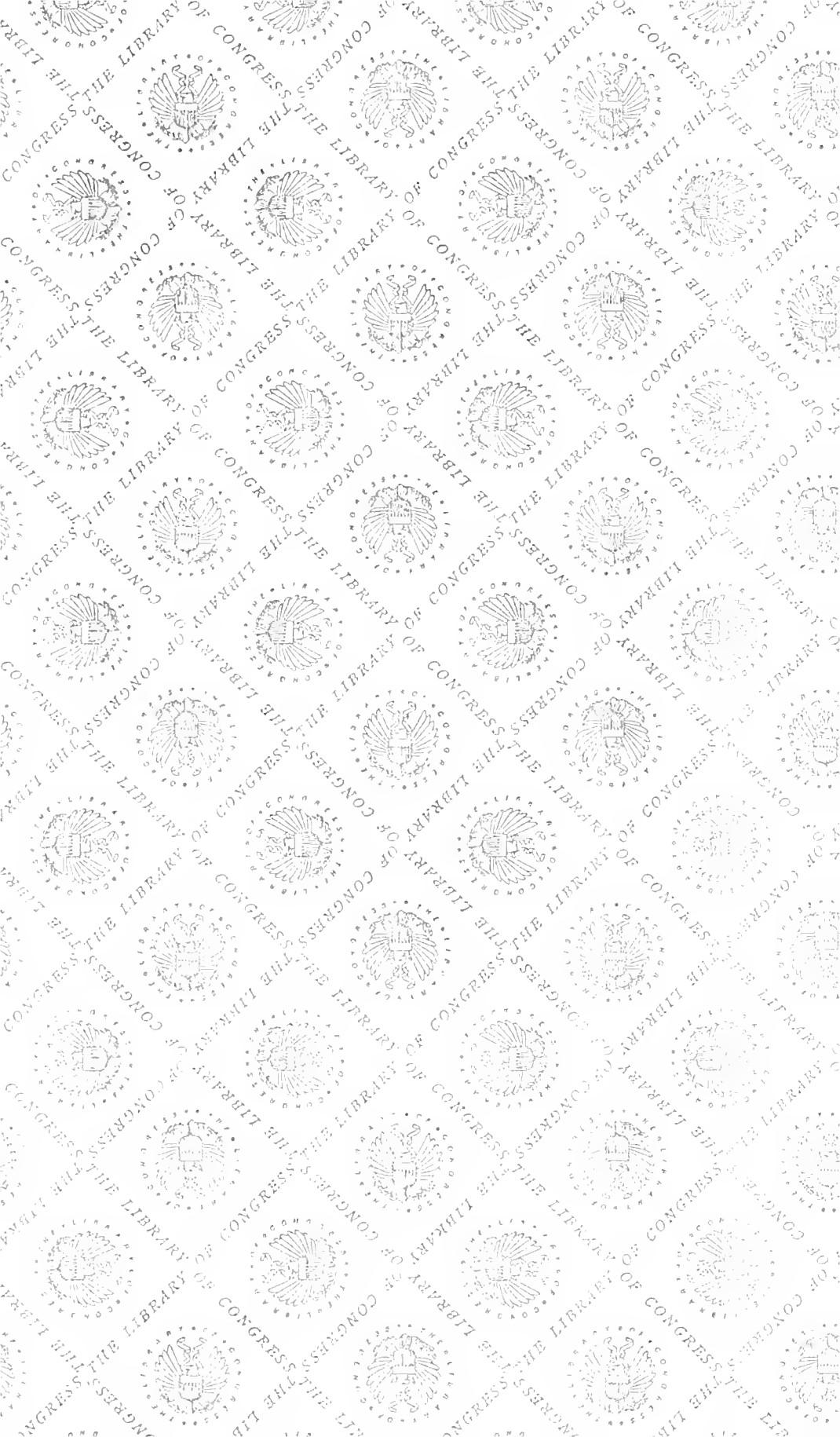
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# GEORGE ROSS

# —MEMORIAL



Dedicated at Lancaster, Pa., June 4, 1897

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Programme and Souvenir

# GEORGE ROSS MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

... Programme. ...

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## COLUMBIA, GEM OF THE OCEAN.

*Spirited.*

1. Oh, Co-lum-bia, the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the free, The  
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threaten'd the land to de-form, The  
 3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave; May the

shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee, Thy  
 ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With the  
 wreaths they have won nev-er wither, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the

mandates make he-roes as-sem-blle, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy  
 garlands of vic-tiry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her  
 ser-vi-ce u-ni-ted ne'er sev-er, But hold to their colors so true; The

banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When  
 flag proudly float ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The  
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy  
 boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her  
 cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.  
 flag proudly float ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.  
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.



# THE ROSS HOMESTEAD.



SOUTHERN FRONT.

The above is a view of the home of Honorable George Ross, which formerly stood on the site of the monumental pillar and tablet this day erected on Ross Street, between Plum and Shippen Streets, in the City of Lancaster. It was demolished in 1894 in the opening of these streets.

When the George Ross mansion was built and by whom, are among the unknown secrets of the last century which will probably never be revealed. All that is known is that on February 4, 1717, William Penn sold to John Funck the 200 acres covering the Ross estate. On February 20, 1717, Funck resold it to Michael Meyer and his wife. The latter, in turn, sold it to the Hon. James Hamilton on January 19, 1750. Hamilton sold it to George Ross on June 19, 1761. Since then it changed hands frequently.

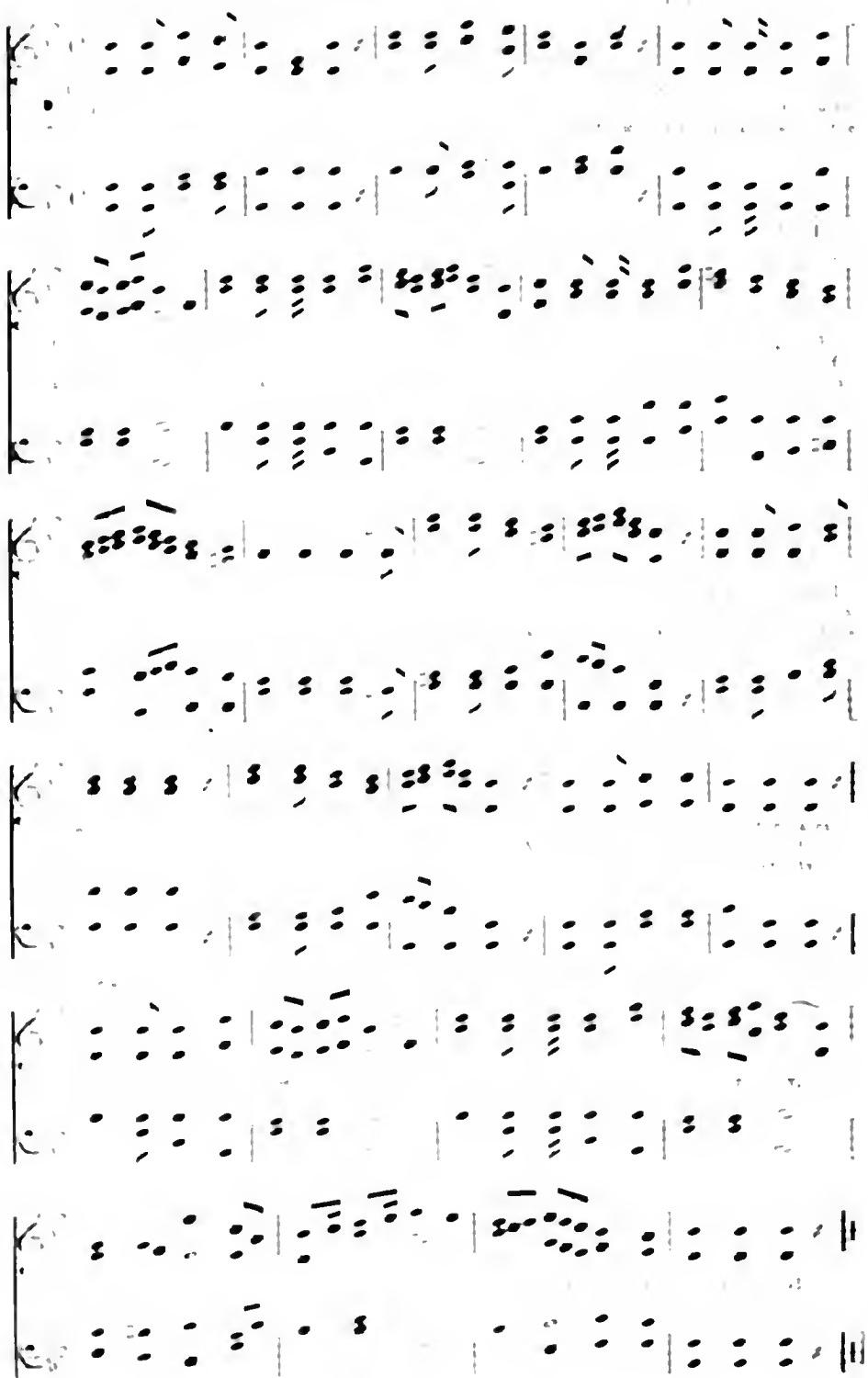
The mansion house was probably erected long prior to the Revolution. It was a fair type of the homes of the well-to-do class of that period. Like most of them it was built of stone, that material being both abundant and good in the neighborhood. Like them, it covered an ample area of ground, and still other eighteenth century peculiarities may be seen in the gambrel roof and the small panes of glass in the windows. The location of the house was no doubt fixed by the builder by the strong spring of pure, cold water which once rose out of its very foundations. The house was in fact built over the spring, which issued bright and sparkling through the wall in the north-west corner. To the north, sloping gently downward from the house-yard, lay fields of meadow land through which the released spring made merry music as it sped along over its pebbly bed.

In every respect it was an ideal home; one to which its well-to-do owner could retreat when he returned from his duties in the Continental Congress. When the labors of the day in his town office or his legal contests in the courts were over, a twenty minutes' walk through the forest primeval took him to the quiet of this country home. One can scarcely imagine a more desirable place to which the lawyer, the scholar and the statesman could retreat for study, for recreation, or for quiet, or where he could better cast off all the perplexities of a political and professional career, if he felt so inclined.

It seems a matter for regret that this old homestead, so rich in associations of our Revolutionary period, could not have been spared to us by the irresistible march of progress. It was torn down in 1894. An attempt was made to preserve the portion not taken by the street, but it was too fragile to be saved. But in thought we go back to that ancient day. Doubtless its old stone walls echoed to the quip and the jest, the sober discussion and patriotic eloquence of his fellow Congressmen, when driven to this city by Howe's capture of Philadelphia. They were men like ourselves and could unbend in moments of gladness and festivity. There were sermons in the old stones that lay in these well-built walls, but, like Memnon, their music has departed, and they are vocal in memory alone.

And now, 'tis silent all; sage, patriot, fare thee well,

THE CLOVER FIELD



## ARK OF FREEDOM.

JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. Ark of Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwelling! Columbia, God pre-serve thee free! When the  
 2. Land of high, he - ro - ic glo - ry: Land whose touch bids slav'ry flee: Land whose  
 3. Vain - ly 'gainst thine arm con - tend-ing, Ty - rants know thy might, and flee. Free - dom's

storms are round thee swelling, Let thy heart be strong in thee, God is with thee, wrong re-name is writ in sto - ry, Rock and ref-uge of the free: Ours thy greatness—ours thy cause on earth de - fend-ing, Man has set his hope on thee; Widening glo - ry—peace un-

pell-ing: He a - lone thy champion be. } Ark of Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwelling ! Columbia,  
 glo - ry; We will e'er be true to thee. } ending—Thy re-war-d and por-tion be.

God preserve thee free! Ark of Freedom! Glory's dwelling ! Columbia, God preserve thee free!

Rev. S. F. SMITH.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
 2. My na - tive com - try thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
 3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal  
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to thee, An - thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing: Long may our

fath - ers died, Land of the pil-grims' pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let free - dom ring!  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - love,  
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro - long,  
 land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!



THE ROSS MEMORIAL.





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